

Strawberry Juice

Flaming black rage,
and red-blinded artery.

Yellow bone through the neck
— blue hate,
with sorrow green and gold.

Orange whine of circles
neither adjoined
nor moving.

A white dusk, and leaves
that puncture when falling.

Rails of bronze,
muddy
with moss and glass
and boxes of lead.

No trains, at all.

No travel

to anywhere
apart from the silver dungeon
of familiar

and everlasting

tour.